

Historic Crimes and Mysteries by Walt Mason

LAUGHING LACENAIRE.

On December 14, 1834, a gentleman of distinguished appearance walked briskly along a quiet street near the Chopinette barrier, in Paris.

This pedestrian, who looked distinguished even under the handicap of threadbare garments, was about thirty-five years old. He was rather small of stature, but carried himself proudly. His face was refined and intellectual—the face of a poet and a dreamer. Indeed, at that hour all Paris was whistling and singing one of his songs, "The Fife and the Drum." He had the hands and hair of an artist, and the joyous carefree laugh of a boy. It was a good thing to hear Lacenaire laugh.

Behind Lacenaire there walked a man of vulgar appearance. His name was Avril. He was quite young, not more than twenty-two, and he had been so unfortunate as a criminal that Lacenaire was sorry for him, and was determined to give him a chance to do better work.

Presently they stopped before a dwelling of prosperous appearance.

"This is the place," said Lacenaire.

"Do you remember my instructions quite clearly? Yes? Then allons vite!"

The poet rang the doorbell, and the door was opened by a young man.

"Ah, my dear Chardon," cried Lacenaire, "we have come to see your mother on a trifle of business—the mere signing of a paper."

"We are greatly honored, M. Lacenaire," replied Chardon. "Mother, as you know, is an invalid, and is in her bed, but she can do what you ask."

They stood face to face, Chardon and Lacenaire, and the latter gossiped gaily of one thing and another, while Avril stole quietly behind Chardon, and, having stationed himself properly, at a wink from the poet he threw his arm around Chardon's neck and garroted him. Lacenaire drew a dagger then, and stabbed the victim several times, to make the job complete, then he went to the room of the invalid mother and slew her with the weapon that killed the son.

"There should be 10,000 francs here somewhere, according to my information," said Lacenaire. "Lock the door, my friend, and we'll search till we find the money."

Avril locked the door, and they searched and searched, but all they found was 500 francs. Lacenaire, whose sense of humor was abnormally developed, laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. It was this insensibility, displayed on many tragic and harrowing occasions, that made him one of the most famous criminals of modern times.

"Is the joke on us or on the Chardons?" he asked, as he wiped the joyous tears from his face. He wanted to get away. Those dead people were getting on his nerves. So they left

The Bed in Colonial Days.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century the bed increased in importance. A list of the household furnishings of a Salem merchant, in 1690, included "1 great oaken bedd, 1 truckle bedd of maple, 1 large sack bottom bedd, 6 Camblett bedd curtains, 2 calicoe bedd curtains, 8 blankett sheets, 1 pure silk bedd curtains." The settle, which was a link between the settle and the sofa, was sometimes used as a bed. This piece of furniture was both of imported and domestic make. The back and seat were usually incased in turnkey work. With the exception of the arms and braces the entire frame was concealed. The construction of the colonial settle was identical with one type of the Renaissance seat. From Italy it passed into France, and from France to England. Holland had no part in its development. From the Italian palace of the sixteenth century to the New England home of the seventeenth was a far-away cry and yet, barring crude workmanship, the colonial bench was a faithful copy of the Renaissance design. The Dutch settlers were unfam-

iliar with this settle, as they also were with the New England settle.

He rented an office and painted an assumed name on the door, thus creating the impression that he was a business man. Then, by laying his plans carefully, he arranged that a bank messenger should call upon him in his office on a certain day, the chosen day being one on which collections were sure to be large. It took a great deal of skillful maneuvering to bring this about, but the details are not essential to this story.

Everything being in readiness, Avril was so foolish as to be arrested, while trying to rescue a lady friend from the police. So, at the eleventh hour, Lacenaire had to go forth and seek another assistant. Reliable help of that kind is hard to find when most needed, but after much trouble the poet accepted as his partner a gentleman named Francois, to whom homicide was a fad. It was said of him, in his own haunts, that he would kill a man for a sou, which was cheap enough, to be sure.

Francois, however, should have known better than to eat oranges before committing a crime. Or, if he couldn't get along without oranges, he should have realized that it was bad to drop the peel on the floor of a business man's office.

At the appointed hour the bank messenger arrived at the office with his little bag fairly bulging with money, and securities. Lacenaire, the smiling, the fascinating, asked him to seat himself at the table and examine certain papers. The messenger did so, and while the poet engaged him in



"He Threw His Arm Around Chardon's Neck and Garroted Him."

conversation, and held his whole attention, Francois came up behind, dagger in hand, to stab him to the heart. Francois, who had studied murder under the old masters, knew how to reach the heart from any angle or position. This looked like an easy and sure job! But, maledictions on the orange peel! His foot slipped just as he delivered the blow. The messenger was stabbed, but not mortally, or even seriously. With a yell of terror he leaped for the door and reached it first, and ran down the stairs yelling murder. Francois also sped away, and Lacenaire followed close at the messenger's heels, also yelling murder, thus diverting suspicion until he reached the street and was lost in the crowd.

He felt that Paris was no place for him just then, so he departed for the provinces, where for a long time he lived opulently. He wrote much poetry at this time, and it was good poetry, which sold readily; but he was too wise to depend upon the muse for a living, so, when not embalming things in song he devoted his genius to forgery, and with great success. When he returned to Paris he was attired in

purple and fine linen, and was a credit to the boulevards.

Meanwhile Francois had been arrested on some trifling charge, and Avril still was in jail. The crimes in which they had been concerned were complete mysteries to the police, and it seemed that they would always remain so, when Francois dropped a few words which made the police suspicious, and they drew from him the story of the attack upon the bank messenger. Avril's conscience became active about the same time, and he told of the Chardon murders. So it came to pass that the poet was arrested, and when he learned that the discovery was due to his accomplices, he made full confession, his only object, he said, being to take the betrayers to the guillotine with him.

The trial was a famous one. The most celebrated people of France crowded to the courtroom to see the laughing Lacenaire, who was dressed like a prince. He laughed and joked throughout the proceedings, and drove Avril and Francois to a frenzy time and time again by his ridicule. Upon several occasions the guards had to hold them, they were so anxious to get at his throat.

Francois was sentenced to life imprisonment, and Lacenaire and Avril to death. So one day in 1835 these two made their last appearance in public. Avril died first, and met his fate with brutish calmness. Lacenaire tried to appear jaunty and joyous, but it was with an effort. He was excited and nervous. Being a man of imagination, a poet and artist, death meant more to him than to an ordinary criminal. He fought for self-control with

Temperance Notes

LABOR CONDEMNS SALOON.

"The time has come in this country when even men who take an occasional drink and feel it their right and privilege to do so, if they please, are coming to agree that it is not right for a man to make it his business to cultivate the vices of a community, and to take from men money that belongs to their families, giving them in exchange liquid madness, brutality, insanity and damnation."

These words were spoken by Rev. William B. Millard in an address at a remarkable labor meeting held in Garrick theater, Chicago. "The labor union, like the church," continued Mr. Millard, "should regard the open saloon as its greatest enemy. The time has come, nay is so near, that the rosy radiance of the glorious dawn already greets our eyes, when the saloon will be abolished and the barkeeper outlawed, so that a man may no longer be waylaid on payday and sent home to his broken-hearted wife and terrified little ones a raging, loathsome, penniless beast."

Tremendous applause greeted these sentiments. The theater was packed to utmost capacity with representatives of union labor.

RED ROSES INSTEAD.

The place formerly occupied by one of Spokane's most notorious saloons is now a "brilliantly lighted, clean-smelling" market where "chops, cabbages and groceries replace the foaming brew" once sold there in great abundance. At the same counter where "red roses" were formerly in line, a fair maiden now dispenses "red roses," and at the site of the former "big bar," young men are now busy dealing out fresh meats of all kinds. Nobody but the former brewer and saloonkeeper complains that "business is ruined under prohibition. 'Spokane is feeling right smart pert under prohibition, thank you!'"

CUTS CITY'S EXPENSES.

Mayor Anderson of The Dalles, Oregon, furnishes this bit of testimony:

"Since the first of the year, when the prohibition law went into effect, all lines of business have improved. This changed condition is particularly noticeable in groceries and meat markets, both cash business and collections showing a marked gain. The following figures are taken from our official records and show the effect of prohibition on the police court:

Arrests for Drunkenness.	Cost of Feeding City Prisoners.
Jan. and Feb., 1912, 42.....	\$151.81
Jan. and Feb., 1913, 84.....	122.00
Jan. and Feb., 1914, 137.....	189.75
Jan. and Feb., 1915, 67.....	64.21
Jan. and Feb., 1916, 2.....	.71

TESTIMONY FROM ILLINOIS.

According to the records of the police officials in Illinois dry cities have 75 per cent less crime to contend with than wet cities of the same size. Aurora, while under the saloon administration, had 1,006 arrests for drunkenness, while in dry Rockford, with the same population, there were only 713 arrests. Wet Joliet had 1,682 arrests for drunkenness while dry Decatur had 966. Both towns are of the same size. Still another instance was the 3,819 arrests in East St. Louis as against 454 in dry Galesburg. The reports show that the majority of these arrests was due to the introduction of liquor from the surrounding wet territory.

TEETOTALERS WIN.

In Germany a walking contest was conducted over a course of 62 miles. Eighty-one men entered the contest, of whom only 24 were abstainers, but the first four men who crossed the line were abstainers. Of the ten prize-winners, six were teetotalers and two had been abstaining for some time while in training. More than half of the non-abstainers fell out by the way, but only two of the 24 abstainers.

THEY WORK ANYWAY.

"It's the women," growled a portly saloonist. "They are behind all of this. They will find out. If they are going to run things, we are going to let them work." Whereupon, his quick-witted listener remarked, "The wives of drinking men always have had to work. If they have to choose between a sober husband and work, or a drunk man and work anyway, I think they will take the dry man."

LAW WELL ENFORCED.

Following various rumors that the prohibition law was being violated the chief of police of Centralia, Wash., offered \$20 reward from his own purse for information leading to the conviction of a bootlegger. The chief declares there is not one in the city. To a man who said he could get whisky, the chief gave a dollar to buy a bottle. The dollar was later returned.

Unfair.

It is unfair to call woman a timid creature, when it is universally conceded that she is as brave as an elephant.—Judge.

MEN AND WOMEN Kidney trouble preys upon the mind, discourages and lessens ambition; beauty, vigor and cheerfulness often disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased. For good results use Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents. When writing mention this paper.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE

also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at an application. \$2 per bottle delivered. Book 3 M free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for man, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful, Swollen Veins and Ulcers. \$1 and \$2 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Student Nurses Needed

Sept. 1st and Oct. 1st.

The course of instruction given qualifies graduates for admission to the best Nursing Organizations, including the Red Cross; also for registration in Ohio, New York and other states.

Exceptional advantages—Modern Nurses' Home; fully equipped Class Rooms; eight hour schedule; allowance of \$5.00 per month with uniforms and text books after three months probationary period; two years of high school required for entrance. Full particulars address

Miss Frederika K. Gaiser

Superintendent of Nurses
City Hospital Cleveland, O.

W. N. U., CINCINNATI, NO. 34-1916.

BLIND PLEAD WITH INVENTOR

Liquefied Radium Helps to Restore Sight—May Be "Great Discovery."

More than six thousand blind persons, by deputy or directly through the mails, have besieged Ethan I. Dodds, the Pittsburgh inventor of radium screen "eyes," pleading piteously with him to restore their sight.

Mr. Dodds, with the aid of liquefied radium, did succeed some months ago in improving if not restoring the vision of a man who suffered a peculiar visual ailment that had made him blind. Talking of that achievement, the inventor, who already had spent two fortunes experimenting along that line, said he'd give all he could ever hope to possess in this world if he could only promise sight to a few of the blind who had thus appealed to him. But, as yet, he was "only on the edge of a great discovery," and could not, without many added qualities, hope to apply it in any general way to the restoration of sight.

Now Mr. Dodds has received from sightless sufferers more than six thousand pathetic appeals; some of them accompanied by signed checks in blank, saying: "Fill out for any amount you choose, if you can give me back my eyes."—Pittsburgh Post.

The sunlight of happiness seldom falls on a shady reputation.

Does Coffee Disagree

Many are not aware of the ill effects of coffee drinking until a bilious attack, frequent headaches, nervousness, or some other ailment starts them thinking.

Ten days off coffee and on

POSTUM

—the pure food-drink—will show anyone, by the better health that follows, how coffee has been treating them.

"There's a Reason"

for

POSTUM

Sold by Grocers